II.

Pray-- that I may the fiend withſtand,
Where'er his ſerpents be:
Praiſe—that the Lord's almighty hand
Is manifeſt in me.

III.

It is not ſo— my features are
Much meaner than the reſt;
A glow-worm cannot be a ſtar,
And I am plain at beſt.

III.

Then come, my love, thy grace impart,
Great Saviour of mankind;
O come and purify my heart,
And beautify my mind.

V.

Then will I thy carnations nurſe,
And cheriſh every roſe;
And empty to the poor my purſe,
Till grace to glory grows.

HYMN

HYMN XII.

HONESTY.

I.

I Have a houſe, the houſe of prayer,
(No ſpy beneath my eaves)
And purring gratitude is there,
And he that frights the thieves.